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E. R. GENTRY

(Continued from 1st page.)

make it so hot for the secretary that he gets a moving order and he ought to have one. You would be surprised at how many secretaries are sent home. But there is almost unanimous praise for the work. I saw a captain, a man of about 45, walk into the Y. here in town the other day. He walked right up to the Y. woman behind the counter, a woman much older than he was and said, "You certainly do look good to me. I have been right in the trenches for six weeks and I haven't seen an honest to goodness American woman in six months." I looked up and there were tears in that big strong fellows eyes as he began to talk of the great work that the Y. M. C. A. was doing among the soldiers. Then we all gathered round and he talked about his wife and children and home. So when you hear anyone from this side saying anything against the Y. M. C. A., you may know that it is an isolated case. Of course there are huts and tents and dugouts right up to front line trenches and many of them are not nearly so well equipped as the one I have mentioned and some of them with practically nothing to work with but they are doing the best they can. I would tell you that I was not assigned as close to the front as I wanted, but most of you would not believe it, because you cannot really understand how it is over here. Whether you believe it or not, everybody over here is scrambling for the front, Y. M. C. A., men as well as soldiers. Men who enlisted in the quartermaster's corps and other non-combatant organizations are now trying every way in the world to get transferred to active service, so they can get up front. "Something just gets into your blood over here. I saw a fellow here yesterday who was just recovering from a dangerous shrapnel wound in the neck and he was just crazy to get able to rejoin his company at the front. Men have told me that they have seen fellows who were held back, possibly sick or for some other reason, cry like children, when their company marched off to the front. Who would not have thought this of peace loving American citizens a few years ago? I must tell you something of the work in the larger cities. I have been in two or three besides Paris in which the Y. has rented hotels and furnished the boys rooms and meals at a reasonable rate with waiters who can at least talk enough English to serve you a meal in good old American style. In Paris they have at least four or five such hotels, besides in all the large ports of entry and other cities where troops are passing thru or stationed. You cannot imagine how much even this means to a man in a foreign country. The larger cities and especially Paris we have a man whose business it is to organize sightseeing parties for soldiers in the cities and around for amounts just sufficient to look after transportation. The man who does this work in Paris is an expert at it and a soldier party in Paris learns more about the things of interest there in one day than the average tourist used to do in a week. Is not this a wonderful work and where would those boys likely drift in the great wicked city of Paris were it not for these parties and hotels and wholesome entertainments furnished by the Y. M. C. A. And the boys never forget it. I was walking down the streets with one of the workers today and a great big

husky American soldier started from the other side of the street, ran up to the party I was with and said "Didn't I see you in last November", naming one of the large ports of entry. The Y. worker said you might, I was there. The fellow said "Oh yes, I'd never forget you. You gave us a cup of hot chocolate and an apple, as we got off the transport." I thought of the Scripture about the cup of cold water. It is remarkable the people you meet over here and how you meet them. The next day after I went to camp, a big tall youngster was introduced to me by the name of Hurt. Said he heard I was from Kentucky, that I might know his father, Judge Hurt of the Court of Appeals. One day while in Paris, two soldiers were eating across the table. One a very small fellow, looked just like a boy. I got to talking to them and after a while the larger one who was from New York told me that the other was "Kid Rickards" the Chicago motor racer. The day before I left Paris I went down to the Y. M. C. A. to get my railroad ticket and moving orders. The girl who gave them to me asked me if I would bring a little package to a lady here. I assured her that I would be glad to do so. She handed it to me and I nearly fell down the stairway. It was addressed to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I took care to deliver the package in person and had a half hour conversation with her. I have seen her several times since. She gave me a copy of one of her poems.

On April 30th the Division Secretary sent for me to come in to headquarters. He took me back into his office and told me he had a very delicate proposition to handle and ask me if I would be willing to take charge of a Y. M. C. A. Tent for colored troops. I told him I came over here to do anything there was to do. He said he knew that but insisted on knowing how I really felt about it and when I assured him that I was perfectly willing to do it, the matter was settled. When I talked further, I found that the tent I was to take charge of was still out in the headquarters warehouse and had to be put up at the camp some miles away, so one other Y. man and I started out to get it up. We tried to get a detail of soldiers to help but none were available. We tried to hire French help but failed, so we just went after it ourselves and after four days of stake driving, rope pulling and ditch digging, we have it about up and will open the first of the week. The tent will be pretty well equipped; having a canteen, moving pictures, phonograph and piano and so on. I am really figuring on having a great time, as soon as I get use to the aeroplanes. Since my Paris experience, it makes me a little shaky to see one and they pass over this camp continually to and from the front. You have queer feelings when those fellows sail away towards the battle line and you wonder how many of them are coming back. Sometimes they are observation planes and again war planes, carrying bombs and machine guns. You always wish them success as they go and are always glad to see them as they come back usually flying low, like a bird after a long, tiresome journey. Yesterday I saw a strange one coming. I made sure it was a Boche and fixed to run, but a little French boy managed to tell me that it was an Italian plane.

I must tell of my experience today and then I will close this long letter. I went over to the American hospital near here to preaching services this morning. After the service I decided to go in and see some of the boys. While in the ward where six or eight soldiers who had broken limbs were and talking to them, I noticed a right young boy. He did not look more than sixteen, but I afterwards learned he was eighteen. I went over and began talking to him. I ask him him where he was from, what outfit he belonged to and incidentally who his Captain was. His eyes brightened up and an expression of pride came over his face as he said "Captain Roosevelt and Major" and then I learned his story as only an enthusiastic youngster could tell it. About forty or fifty of his

company in one of the fights were surrounded by an intense barrage fire, separating them from the rest of the company and cutting all communication. Being largely outnumbered they were fighting against desperate odds, but would not retreat without orders to do so. Captain Roosevelt realized that if they did not fall back they would be completely annihilated. He refused to send any of his men with the order, but after arranging for five or six to follow him in succession in case he failed, started to the little bunch to give the order himself. He only went a short distance until he went down with a broken arm and leg and this boy was the first to follow him. He was struck by a piece of flying shrapnel and knocked unconscious and his arm broken, his steel helmet saving his life, and he fell near the Captain. The men continued to come and it was either the fifth or sixth man who managed to reach the little group and give the order how to move and saved them. In the mean time, Captain Roosevelt had managed, although his arm and leg was broken, to get this boy into a dug out or place of safety of some kind, until first aid could reach them, but absolutely refused any assistance to himself until all the other men who followed him were looked after. There was no need for me to ask that boy what the company thought of their Captain. I have been hearing since coming over that the Roosevelts are a "chip off the old block" and this begins to look like it. I hope the censor lets this story by as it strikes me as typical of the spirit with which our men are fighting over here as is further testified to by the long list of men who have been decorated for bravery by the French Government. If we can just get that same spirit of sacrifice for the cause at home the boys in the trenches will do their part.

There are so many things I would love to tell, were it permissible. You no doubt saw the account of the gun which fired the first shot, being returned to America. It passed through our camp. I would love to tell you of the great hospital train I had a chance to go through and about the camouflage plant. Most people have an ample supply of camouflage on hand, but I do not think the censor will mind me telling you that the U. S. Government has to manufacture some, because their home supply is not available and I am afraid would be an inferior quality besides.

This is an awful long letter and you may have to make a continued story out of it, but I promise not to write again for a month or two any way. I wish everybody who knows the address, that is, the regiment and company of a Rockcastle boy in France would send it to me at 12 Rue D'Aguesseau, Paris, France. This is my correct address, no matter what I have said in the past, and I want to see whether I have a chance to get in touch with them.

I am as ever,
E. R. GENTRY.

Special For CASH

Beginning Monday, June 17

We sell for Cash only at our Grocery Store

Special Prices For Week

Bacon Butts	20c and 22c lb.
Sugar	8 1/2c and 9c lb.
Lard	25c and 30c lb.
Brown Beauty Coffee, Steel Cut,	25c lb.
Breakfast Delight Coffee, Steel Cut,	30c lb.
Pilgrim Coffee, 10 lb. bags,	\$1.40
Beans, 12 1/2c lb.	Brooms, 4 tie 65c
Matches, 2 boxes	9c

One O'Cedar Maple and Bottle Polish
Given Away Monday

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR PRODUCE

J. P. E. Drummond

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

TO PREVENT BELCHING.
Make a regular habit of eating slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and you may have no further trouble. If you should, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper.



Keep Faith With Your Boy "Over There"

When your boy was so little that all the world was a foreign country to him, he trusted you to take care of him.

You sent that boy to school and to play and on your little errands, and with implicit faith he did your bidding.

Now we have sent your boy or your neighbor's boy out into a foreign land, into terrors that we cannot even know—and his faith has not faltered. He knows we will do our part, and we know he will do his.

Are we keeping the faith? Are we scrimping and saving and giving to help our boys do the thing that humanity has asked of them, and to help them come back to us sane and whole?

June 28th

National War Savings Day

Saving to help our sons is not to be called by the ugly name of duty or sacrifice. It is love's blessed privilege.



National War Savings Committee

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

FIRST STATE BANK
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NATIONAL DEFENSE

It is the duty of the Council of National Defense to see that each person acts fair with the Government, does nothing detrimental to our army or war activities, helps the Food and Fuel Administrators, helps the Local Board and the Federal and State Courts to enforce to the letter the laws that keeps the morale of the country up to the highest standard. If there are

any in the draft age who have failed to register they must be dealt with according to law. Deserters must be brought to justice. Idleness must be investigated and stopped, and all discontinued.

Help must be procured to harvest the crop of wheat, oats and grass. Every farm must be made to produce its maximum crop, considering size, fertility, and available labor. These crops must be harvested and saved; no waste can be tolerated. This is all unpleasant work; it is work

that under normal conditions would be very unpopular, but with the necessity so great, and stringent laws to back it up, it will be carried out regardless of who it might displease, or who it might work a hardship on. So it is now time for the people to adjust themselves to the conditions, and do their best for the Cause of Liberty.

LAME BACK RELIEVED.
For a lame back apply Chamberlain's Liniment twice a day and massage the muscles of the back over the seat of pain thoroughly at each application.

\$4. to \$8. per Day

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All clean. Good roof — no wet places. Good boarding house, reasonable rates.

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